Betrayal …and Worse

A Work of Erotic Marital Enslavement

By
Merrick Scanlon

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SFPG Publications

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ONE

The Present

It was not a common sight – even in the more lurid of *"anything goes"* porn films – and, in the highly unlikely event of a complete stranger being invited into the bedroom to witness it, they would have been hard pressed to guess that the ludicrous and pathetic figure of the undeniably handsome Englishman kneeling against the wall had once been a highly driven small-businessman who ran his business, his marriage, and his life, with a sense of justice that went hand-in-hand with his own pride.

Despite a somewhat *"I know best"* conceit that had led, without his realising it, to feelings of resentment in the mother of his two twenty-something girls who felt smothered in what she considered a poor second place to his other preoccupations.

"Resentment" he certainly realised now.

That this once virile and vibrant man was not only kneeling in the corner of a room in the home his endeavour had paid for upon his knees, but was wearing a pair of childish and inappropriate socks below the shorts themselves and an oversized Euro-Disney tee-shirt above it, seemed even more evidence that he couldn't possibly be the same financially solvent and builder of a small but successful software-company he resembled.

Especially when taken with the fact that his hands were clasped behind his back and his nose was pressed into the corner of that wall.

Far from evoking such an image of maturity, achievement, and self-autonomy, the man softly crying on the thick carpet of what had once been the marital bedroom he had shared with his wife would have instantly fetched to mind in a witness the puerile role-playing of those adults with money enough to be able to indulge their desires for infantile treatment of such a kind - and the money to be able to pay a *certain* kind of woman to deliver it, of course.

An understandable assumption on behalf of a witness that would have been utterly and completely erroneous.

For the reality was far less simplistic and, on many levels… *evil*.

With the benefit of a closer inspection, that witness would have seen that the man's apparent baldness was nothing of the sort and that his totally hairless scalp was not a natural condition of age and genetics. Had they looked closer their mistake would have become obvious. For then they would have seen the crisscrossing of numerous razor nicks left by his most recent shave.

In short, it was a scene most people considering themselves civilised would have found as mystifying as it was abnormal and still more baffling were they to be told it was a view shared by the handsome and thoroughly despairing Englishman.

The same man currently seen attempting to keep his nose pressed to the corner, lest he incur the wrath of his wife's lover.

Not to mention that of the wife herself.

"My name is Clive Benshaw and I will not be beaten," he repeated to himself whenever his thoughts were his own and not devoted to pleasing his female Masters or simply ensuring his behaviour met their… *standards*. A mantra devised to maintain a sense of his own identity; even as a part of him confessed that with each day that passed he felt himself being lost more and more. Knowing that if the diminishment continued for much longer all the mantras in the world would not save him from the life they intended him to live.

The voice that carried across from the bed – a voice he had once thrilled to hear – seemed to paraphrase his thoughts:

"Doesn't our little boy look lovely and natural in the corner of my bedroom, Prisha?" he heard his wife's voice drift towards him from the bed, interrupting his mantra and focusing his thoughts on what torment she had in mind for him now.

The Bengali accented English that formed her reply was from a source he hated even more then the once unthinkable hatred and bitterness with which he responded to the London-English of the woman who had mothered the two girls he loved so much and by whom – though he knew they continued to love him – he was now pitied.

A snort of derision preceded the answer; praise on *any* level in his regard coming only with a scorpion's sting.

A sting made all the sharper for him by the fact the thirty-something Indian woman delivering it had once been his own secretary.

Until the need for an assistant with more technical and product knowledge had ensured he had to let her go, of course.

"I suppose he is more… *acceptable*… these days," he heard from behind him; even this faint praise delivered with distaste.

"Oh, come now, Prisha, don't be so reticent. In praising him you only give praise to yourself, you know? I would never have been able to make him accept his true place without your advice and assistance."

From behind him he heard the sound of a kiss and, despite hating his wife for what she had done to him, the knowledge she was kissing the Indian abomination as a reward for getting him to such a place seared his consciousness.

“He is such a good boy these days, my lovely Prisha, and for that you deserve most of the credit.”

Clive Benshaw heard more movement on the bed and his cheeks flared into red and vivid life as an anger far beyond his straitened physical capacity ensured he remained in his place and did not act upon the desire to rend and maim both.

After all; reminded an all too fresh and recent memory that had the effect of ice-water upon his anger; hadn’t he already tried that?

“And to think, he once considered himself your boss,” he heard his wife titter, imagining the shaking of her head at a former truth now ludicrous as he listened.

“Little Clivey was obviously a very delusional little boy, my lovely Prisha,” his wife went on, knowing he could hear and knowing how painful hearing it from her lips would still be to him. “His behaviour these days, however, is exemplary and a great tribute to your loving strictness with him.”

In his corner, the man formerly Clive Benshaw; the angry red welts striping his arse and chafing against his trousers providing all the evidence he needed or wanted to be sure of her: *“Loving Strictness”*. Bemoaning the fact they would most likely have healed before one of the growingly less frequent visits from his doctor, and the daughters studying in Bristol and Manchester respectively, gave him a chance to lower his shorts and show him the treatment he was receiving. Though even then he was uncertain as to whether he could allow his *“girls”* to see their father in such humiliating circumstances.

“He used to think he was a man, too,” he heard his wife observe.

“*That* has certainly been educated out of him,” answered the Indian woman emphatically.

His wife laughed:

“Can you imagine, Prisha; he actually begged to put his puny little boy cock inside of me?”

Another derisory snort.

“As if such a worm could be of any use to you when you have your Prisha to please you on only the way a woman can.”

“Exactly. And if I get the desire to have the cock of a real man take me to heaven then there’s plenty of them around to oblige me.”

There was much laughter at this as Benshaw felt yet more unmanly tears travel his already sodden cheeks and feel himself even *more* emasculated as a result; asking, for

what seemed the millionth time, just what he had done to deserve such treatment from a woman he had once loved to distraction.

“Why concern yourself with the delusions of a little boy anyway,” came the response. “This is our *adult* time – even if we must have a naughty boy in the same room as we… *experience*… it.

There was a moment’s silence, then delighted laughter filled the room.

There came more movement from the bed and Clive Benshaw screwed his eyes shut as if doing so would make both thoughts and reality into something entirely more acceptable.

Then:

“Oh, my lovely Prisha! Not only are you the first woman to know me sexually but you are the best lover I’ve ever had. I wouldn’t insult you by putting that little boy in the corner in the same sentence with you. I experience more orgasms with you in one hour of lovemaking than I ever had from him during our entire marriage.”

Eyes still screwed shut, Bentham’s mind flew back over the years, and her screams as he had taken her over the edge, and knew with certainty her words were no more than lies intended to hurt and emasculate him further.

Either that or she had kept a whole trophy room of Golden Globe awards hidden from him all this time.

“Trust me, Prisha,” he heard, this after hearing his wife’s gasp and knowing her well enough to guess that the Indian abomination’s finger had entered that place once reserved only for him, “had I met you before our little boy, and you’d been born with a cock, there would *never* have been anyone else in my life.”

In his corner, Lambert could feel nothing but bitterness and envy for the familiar and… *loving*… way the former love of his life interacted with the same Indian woman who showed him no affection of any kind unless it was love through discipline.

Suddenly, the back of his neck seemed as if it were burning and he would have laid money – had possessed any of his own – that one or other, or both, had their eyes turned upon him.

He was right.

“Though it must be said,” his wife went on, eyes fixed upon the husband she had thoroughly bested, “he is much more pleasing to me as a little boy.”

He heard them kiss before his wife finished:

“And all the more since his lovely Indian… *Governess*… showed him what an obedient and pleasing tongue he must have when in the presence of his… *Mummy*.”

“It was a pleasure to make little Clivey’s tongue more respectful for his mummy,” he heard.

Then:

“But, lest you forget, your *‘lovely’* Prisha has a tongue in her head also and would love nothing more than to please her sexy white mistress, with it.

As his wife gave a low throaty chuckle at the suggestion and the springs of the mattress they had once used for their own lovemaking told him she was making ready to avail herself of the offer, and, in spite of his deep-seated hatred for both women, Clive Benshaw felt his imprisoned cock rage against the titanium in which it had been held captive without release for the past week. The only part of him that seemed anywhere near comparable to his former manhood. His physical and emotional pain, as a tautening foreskin made contact with the bars of its cage, heightened by the knowledge of how he was allowed his own release when either *“Governess”* or *“Mummy”* considered his behaviour deserving of a… *reward*.

The anger that was beyond his reduced muscular capacity to physically satisfy, growing almost to a white-heat as he recalled the last time the Indian abomination had given his such a reward.

An anger that did nothing to quell the attempts of his cock to expand as he recalled the way she had made him kneel naked before her before unlocking his cage and allowing him to rub away his sexual frustrations against the soles of her nylon clad feet before finally giving him permission to finish by humping the outside of her leg as if he she had demoted him from his position as their *“little boy”* to that of their pet dog.

As the sounds of their lovemaking, along with the slurping Indian tongue that was carrying his wife to a destination he was no longer allowed to visit in her company, Clive Benshaw squeezed his eyes shut even tighter and wished, not for the first time, that he could do the same with his ears.

Then, after what seemed an eternity:

“Prisha… Oh, my love, that is so… so…. Prishaaaaaaaa!!!!

Tears streamed down his cheeks as the pain of his restricted erection intensified – advanced self-pity made worse by the knowledge his wife now preferred the tongue and pussy of another woman rather than that of the husband who had loved and cherished her all these years and sired for her two of the most wonderful and loving daughters any parents would be proud to have.

Hadn’t he been a good husband?

Was her treatment of him a result of some neglect on his part?

Or had these… *desires*… of hers been there all the time and his illness simply given her the opportunity to… *feed*… them?

As his impotent hatred towards the two women responsible for his situation flared, he again asked himself how his life could have been turned into such a never-ending round of degradation and ongoing misery.

And so swiftly!

Had it really been only seven-months since he had stepped on that plane to Malawi for the first of a month's negotiations with a software company there that would provide his company a massive boost if he were to come back with the sole-agency to market their products in the EU?

Seven months since he had had returned to England with his spirits high after a successful negotiation that had left only some fine-tuning at either end before contracts were signed.

And seven months since he had stepped off the British Airways Airbus 380-800 feeling like death warmed over after contracting…

Two

Twenty Weeks Ago

"…I wish I could be more encouraging, Mrs Benshaw," the family GP told her. "But whatever your husband contracted in Malawi it has the specialists at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases at a complete loss. On the one hand, its symptoms resemble a number of those present with Malaria: such as shivering, joint and muscle pain, and headaches. But the other symptoms of the disease – vomiting, haemolytic-anaemia, retinal damage, etc. - are missing. None of the existing treatments such as Chloroquine, mefloquine, or a combination of atovaquone and proguanil hydrochloride, to name a few, have had any beneficial effect upon your husband and have gone no way towards regressing his condition."

"What about the muscle-wasting, Doctor?"

Doctor Pam Eddings' pretty face took on a more perplexed look.

"After almost two months of extensive testing and re-testing, they can find no reason for it, Mrs Benshaw. Usually, in cases like these with a reduction in muscle tissue, it's found that an invasion of the blood-stream by a parasite of some kind is responsible. But those same intensive and extensive tests have shown no evidence of such an invasion."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, there could be another explanation for the wasting – most unlikely; or… Or the parasite that invaded your husband's system had a limited life-span and left his blood before the tests could be detected."

"So," Helen Benshaw asked, attempting to keep her expression neutral at what she saw as double-edged news, "if that's the case, and the parasite has left his system, can we expect the muscle-tissue to regenerate itself and the other symptoms to disappear?"

The pretty twenty-something doctor shook her head sadly; then supplied the wife with an answer she found extremely reassuring.

"Neurogenic atrophy -" she began, before hyphening her words, "muscle-wasting, in other words – can sometimes result from damage to the nerve which stimulates the muscle, causing a shrivelling around otherwise healthy limbs.

"I'm afraid, in your husband's case, the damage has progressed too far for either the natural processes of the body, or the boundaries of medical knowledge at this point in time, to reverse it."

“You mean,” began Helen breathlessly, praying her reaction came through as concern for her husband’s condition and not the elation she was feeling, “that Clive could have the strength of a five-year-old for the rest of his life?”

Helen Benshaw waited for the reply, aware, suddenly, that her GP’s shapely legs were crossed and that she was reacting to her sexual allure in a way that would have once gone completely over her head.

At least until her husband’s illness and the advent of Prisha into their lives.

Their home-life, anyway.

Prisha Sodhi having once been an employee of her husband who, in her role as his secretary, had come into much contact with his wife and found common ground with her.

A *“coffee-morning”* friendliness, as it was at the time, that had continued even after Clive Benshaw’s decision to let the Indian woman go, despite pleas from his wife to keep her on.

Pleas which, in his usual know-it-all way, her husband had dismissed out-of-hand, stating that if the company were going to move forward then it needed personnel who were technically qualified rather than simply administratively competent.

A dismissal that had come back to bite him on the arse.

Big time.

That friendship between the women becoming even greater, when Helen Benshaw had explained something of her husband’s condition over their regular Wednesday coffee and sounded her out on the subject of the, still between-jobs, Indian woman taking on the role of his full-time and live-in Carer.

An off-the-cuff offer that had been accepted with alacrity and led to a still greater… *bond*… between the two.

In fact, it had been Prisha’s encouragement that had led her to take over the helm at the company in her husband’s enforced absence. Despite her own lack of technical qualifications. The Indian woman’s assertion that there were more than enough technically gifted on the books able to guide her when required all it took – along with the salary it would be necessary to pay an outsider to take the helm – to persuade her to chance her arm.

And was she ever glad she did!

She was absolutely thriving and the company was doing at least as well as it had under her husband. The Malawi deal had been brought in and all the staff recruited by her

ailing husband were on board with her. She felt more energised and… *powerful*… than at any time in her life until now.

When the second of the girls had left for Uni, she had felt listless and without motivation. Pointless, in fact. Being a mother to the girls had been the focal point of her life for twenty years and more and she loved them to distraction. But, somewhere along the line, she had lost sight of herself in the equation of wife and mother.

What did *she* want?

What could *she* do?

And, even more soberingly:

Who needed her?

Certainly not her husband – at least not for anything but the vanilla and growingly less exciting sex he still demanded from her the regulation three times a week.

Another routine!

Just another "To-Do" item crossed of his weekly list, it seemed to her, and completed with all the passion one would allocate to a by-the-numbers action of any kind.

Did she love him still?

Yes.

But, even before the onset of his illness and the advent of Prisha into their home, she had already confessed to herself that it was a love diluted.

Now, however, and with the liberating sex she now received after stumbling into her first – and *glorious* - lesbian affair with the Indian woman, she realised her love for her husband had been re-instated.

It was just unfortunate that it had been restored in a way she knew he would find utterly humiliating.

With the above in mind, and with Prisha's help, it had not taken her long to get over the guilt she had at first felt for the pleasure she took from having her husband so… *dependent*… upon her.

And for the first time in their marriage.

As her GP continued to display her knowledge of what her husband *hadn't* got, Helen stifled a smile as she recalled her bed-ridden and baby-weak partner's reaction when she introduced Prisha into his life again.

And in a position of no small authority…

"…You remember Prisha, sweetheart?" she asked him as he rested upon the King-size mattress in the master-bedroom, from which she had – temporarily - banished herself during his illness; preferring one of the girl's old rooms on the upper floor of Thames-side home at Chiswick that had once belonged to her husband's own mother and father.

"P-Prisha?" he had questioned her, groggy from the cocktail of drugs that did nothing to address his illness but at least reassured those treating him that they were doing all they could for him."

"She used to be your secretary, sweetheart."

"Yes, I remember. Thanks for coming to see me Prisha," he said, the puzzlement in his eyes at why a woman he had 'let go' would want to see him at all – especially as he remembered how badly she had taken a totally professional decision on his part; unhappy even at the decent package he had put in place as severance.

"Well, darling," she had gone on, "Prisha isn't here on a courtesy call."

"She isn't?"

"No. Prisha is here to start her new job."

"New job?" he asked, eyes heavy and struggling to stay with it.

"Yes. Prisha has agreed to look after you on a full-time basis."

His eyes had darted to the stocky Indian woman, dressed in a no-nonsense and severely cut grey two-piece that gave her an… authoritative… look, short legs with exaggerated calf-muscles perched upon low spiked heels that made the musculature within her black hose bulge and flex inside it; the breasts above that thrust the jacket of her two-piece outward unmistakably… generous.

Her husband's expression had been one of both alarm and distaste and she knew he would be voicing his objections the moment they were alone.

Much good it would do him.

She had almost orgasmed at the way the prospect of being "cared for" by a woman he had virtually dismissed as being superfluous to his company's needs impacted upon him; noting the redness at his temple that indicated he was angry his wife could take such a decision without consulting him.

Just one concession to his wife's growing power, she had thought, until…

"…Progress is being made all the time, Mrs Benshaw," heard the distracted wife as she made landing on terra-firma once again. "So please don't be too downhearted. I know your husband's condition must be causing you terrible anxiety. But there is hope. The

muscle damage may be irreparable, but I'm sure in time something will be found to reverse your husband's feelings of tiredness and the delusional aspects you've mentioned him displaying."

"It… It's just so trying," said Helen Benshaw, acting up a storm as the distraught and still loving wife. "We haven't a large extended family, but we're close to the cousins and their families we have left and, understandably, they want to visit him."

"Well, I can't see how it would do any harm," said the young Doctor, in the professional and patronising voice habitual to those of her calling.

"No. You don't understand," the wife answered with a hint of exasperation. "Whenever I mention the possibility of them visiting he becomes hysterical. On one occasion, not seconds after he had asked me why nobody had been to visit him!"

"I'm sorry, I had no idea."

"How could you have until I told you?" Helen reassured her with a martyred smile.

Then, all but wringing her hands:

"I just want my husband back."

"He hasn't left, Helen," said Doctor Eddings, laying a hand over hers. "The man you love is still there. He just isn't… isn't…"

"The same physically as he once was," the wife finished for her. "I understand. And if it were just that it would be easy enough to deal with. But…"

"His bouts of delusional behaviour are still continuing?" the young Doctor came in exactly where the still attractive forty-four-year-old had wanted her to come in.

"Worse," she told her. "He insists that we're punishing him."

"We?"

"Sorry, Doctor. I refer to Prisha Sodhi. I took her on a few weeks ago, when it was obvious my husband needed full-time care. She lives-in with us and has been an honest to goodness miracle. I don't know where I'd be without her. Our girls are away at university and I know they'd come back to help me if I asked, but that's out of the question."

She indicated the diplomas hanging upon the clinical white walls:

"Their studies are their future, as I'm sure you appreciate."

The Doctor gave her a smile full of sympathy as she thought of her own supportive parents.

“I know people will ask why I can’t look after him full-time,” she went on. “And believe me, I wish I could.”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself, Helen. I can only imagine how difficult it must have been for you to take over the helm at your husband’s company after so many years as a wife and mother.”

Adding swiftly:

“Not that I’m denigrating those positions.”

Helen supplied a reassuring smile.

“I know you aren’t, Doctor. To tell the truth, I found it hard at the beginning. But my husband always had a knack for employing good people and his staff have been a massive help. In fact, they seem to think I have a real talent for getting the best out of people and insist there’s no difference with me running things rather than Clive. Some…”

She flashed the Doctor a guilty smile:

“…Some of them have even intimated the company is in better shape since…”

She cut herself off, still acting beautifully.

“Sorry. I just feel so disloyal.”

“Well, you mustn’t. Would it be better if you allowed the company to just run itself into the ground? I’m sure your husband understands and is very proud of you.”

“If only he did.”

“But, surely…?”

“That’s what I meant earlier about him saying I – *we* – were punishing him.”

“He thinks your efforts to ensure his company stays successful is…”

“Punishing him,” Helen came in. “Yes. He wants to go back to work immediately and…”

“That’s impossible, Helen,” said the young Doctor sternly as if the wife were actually suggesting he be permitted to do just that.

“Of course it is! It would be a physical and mental embarrassment for him. He can barely stay awake for a few hours at a time before Prisha needs to insist he take a nap. And he… And he…”

Helen allowed her shoulders to slump as if it were just too much of a shame to impart.

“Please, Helen, I’m your Doctor and this is confidential. Anything you say remains between the two of us and any other members of my profession who can help. But to give that help we must know everything.”

The wife, still in full thespian mode, dabbed at her eyes with a tissue and complied with the GP’s wishes.

“He… He… At times, Doctor, he acts as if he is actually at the same age as his reduced body-strength. He… He throws violent tantrums as if he were a child and…”

“You mean he physically tries to…”

“No, no… Well, yes, he does get physical, but Prisha is quite a strong girl and – the way he is now – is more than capable of… calming him down. But what I find so trying – and this is where Prisha is such a miracle for me – is that he insists he be dressed as an infant and treated like one.”

The Doctor’s lips made an “O”.

“And, no, Doctor, before you ask, he wasn’t like this before his… whatever it is he has. I know men have more hang-ups when it comes to sex than we have shoes in our wardrobes, but… Well, being treated like a naughty schoolboy wasn’t one of Clive’s.”

The Doctor nodded sympathetically, though to Helen Benshaw she looked scarcely old enough to have had sex, let alone be conversant with the more outré forms it could sometimes take – as was now the case in her *own* regard.

“His tantrums have got us to the point where we allow him to dress around the house as if he is a child,” she went on.

She allowed herself a huge sigh:

“I know it seems like the path of least resistance,” she admitted, “but it does keep him calm. Having a baby around is trying enough. But an *adult* version?”

The Doctor’s eyes widened and Helen raced to put her mind at ease, forcing back a laugh as she went about it:

“No, Doctor. It’s not as bad as you’re thinking. He doesn’t actually demand to be put in nappies and suck a dummy.”

The young Doctor’s expression seemed to thank whichever deity she prayed to for small mercies.

Still in character, the middle-aged wife and mother expelled air loudly and agreed:

“I love him to bits still, but… Well, *that* would be very hard to deal with.”

She received a nod of concurrence.

Then:

“Sorry to be blunt, Helen, but are you still having sex?”

Another sigh, followed by a regretful shake of the head, was the answer.

“We tried it a couple of times when he was more… *lucid*… More like a man. But he simply isn’t strong enough to… to take me.”

She dabbed at her eyes again.

“Then, when I suggested the woman astride position, he went into a tantrum that was so hysterical I was required to call for Prisha to help me get him to bed and calm him down… She’s very good with him like that. He said, would you believe: *‘you’re treating me like a child and trying to emasculate me.’*.”

She allowed herself another strangled sob and Pam Eddings, in her role of supportive fellow woman and empathetic GP, nodded her understanding.

“I’ll prescribe you some mild sedatives that will, in his weakened condition, keep him calm and allow him to sleep, *without* any harmful side-effects.”

Helen allowed herself a grateful nod.

“He’s not like it all the time and there are brief interludes where he even seems like himself again. But, as I say, they’re only interludes. That’s why it’s impossible for him to return to work or even be allowed out of the house on his own. Thankfully, we have a long-time friend who has her own solicitor’s practice and she advised me to have everything signed over to me and for Clive to sign a power-of-attorney. So now I can at least make decisions for him in his own best interests.”

A look of grief mixed with pain brought the Doctor to her aid.

“What is it, Helen?”

“Nothing I can’t handle, Doctor. But it… It’s just so hurtful to hear him when he’s in one of his lucid phases. He says I got him to sign the papers in front of our friend under false pretences. That I drugged him so he didn’t know what he was signing, just so I would have control of everything. I just… just…”

She allowed – forced - herself to cry a little; the cry of a heroic wife doing her best in the most trying of circumstances and misunderstood by the love of her life for whom she was going to such lengths.

The Doctor passed her a fresh tissue.

“Thank you,” she said, accepting it bravely.

“So,” the Doctor began after giving it some thought. “It seems that whatever invaded his nervous system had an effect upon his cognitive capacity also. Have the team at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases been made aware of this?”

“Yes,” Helen answered with a sniff. “They asked me to monitor him and inform them of anything untoward, physical or mental, in his behaviour. I was told that it seemed too much of a coincidence for these new developments not to be connected with his illness. That all I could do was provide a secure environment for him and wait for them to find some answers.”

Her shoulders slumped.

“If they can,” she finished in a dispirited voice.

The Doctor’s hand found hers again.

“It must be incredibly trying for you, Helen. For what it’s worth, I think you’re doing an amazing job.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” the wife said with a brave smile, enjoying the contact of the younger woman’s hand upon her own. “But it’s not as bad as I’m making it. Clive isn’t in child mode all the time and can even hold a lucid and intelligent conversation for minutes on end before dipping back into a childlike state. Just the same, I thank heaven I have Prisha to help me. If only to corroborate the truth when he makes his accusations.”

“Accusations?”

“That I’m punishing him,” she reminded her. “Like accusing me of forcing him to sign those documents – even though Prisha and our solicitor was present the whole time and even witnessed the signing.”

The seemingly stricken wife hesitated.

“Prisha even found him taking…”

She stopped, unable to go on.

Yet.

“Please, Helen, whatever it is you can tell me.”

“She… She found him in the room he insisted he have, complete with the toys and games a child of five might want. He was…”

“He has a playroom?” the Doctor came in, incredulity triumphing over professional detachment.

“Well, it’s his bedroom too now. Says he’s too big to sleep with his… *‘Mummy’*… all the time and needs his own room.”

“Mummy?”

Helen’s eyes flickered away from the Doctor’s as if unable to let her see the shame in her own.

Then, in a small voice:

“Yes. And Prisha isn’t his Carer… He insists that I’m his Mummy, not his wife, and that she’s his… *‘Governess’*… It… It’s a nightmare.”

Pam Eddings shook her head with wonder, feeling a little guilty at how glad she was to have a problem in the surgery that wasn’t connected to colds, flu, colic, or any number of household ailments she saw every day and was beginning to find incredibly tedious.

“Unfortunately for you, Helen, it’s a nightmare of the waking variety,” she agreed finally, though she could not help but think how lucky her husband was to have such a loving and devoted wife.

Unusually for a GP’s surgery, a short silence not only followed but, heedless of those waiting a turn beyond the door, was allowed.

Until:

“Sorry, Helen,” the Doctor apologised. “You were about to tell me what happened when Prisha – his *Carer* – walked in on him in his, hmmm, room.”

Helen nodded bravely, a soldier forced to relive a bloody engagement she would far rather bury in the anaesthetic mists of memory.

“He… He had his shorts around his ankles and was… was beating his own buttocks as hard as he could with a cane he must have taken from one of the indoor plants it was supporting.”

Detachment or not, it was too early in the young Doctor’s career for her to disguise completely the shock such an image supplied her.

“He said… said that he had been a naughty boy and needed punishing,” Helen pressed on. “By the time Prisha stopped him, his backside was lacerated and sore and even the backs of his legs were criss-crossed with welts. Had he been fully up-to-strength, Lord knows what damage he could have done to himself.”

The look of complete and utter sympathy and understanding radiating towards her from the young Doctor’s trusting face, told the wife-gone-to-the-dark-side that their face-to-face had gone extremely well; convinced, that the moment she left her office with the prescription for those *very* helpful mild sedatives, Doctor Pam Eddings would be adding her thoughts on what she had just heard to her husband’s growing medical record already flashed up upon the screen of her computer.

Which meant she had achieved exactly what she had intended from this face-to-face and delaying her appearance to take the first available morning appointment had proved... *wise*.

It was now a matter of record that her husband seemed to be having *"regressive periods"*, as the GP had described them.

And it was also on those records that he was prone to the throwing of temper tantrums.

Evidence of which would be backed up by Prisha also.

All in all, it had been a very productive twenty-minute meeting.

And the sedatives were a nice bonus. Too.

THREE

Twenty Weeks Ago – Again!

"I will not tell you again, Clivey," her voice threatened, the usage of his given-name in such a childlike fashion winning the usual and expected look of anger.

A look that fazed the thirty something Indian woman not one iota.

"Don't be ridiculous. I won't wear them and that's final," said Clive Benshaw, standing his ground; even if that ground was feeling less and less firm beneath his bare feet. From having a job he loved helming a company he had built, and being the head of a loving household with a wife and two daughters, his life had been torn asunder by a mystery tropical virus and a wife who thought it made sense to have him cared for by an Indian bitch he had thought so much of he had sacked her from his business.

Now this!

"I don't know how you persuaded Helen, to take you on and let you live here, but you need to remember that this is *my* house and I get to say who stays here. And for the last time: my name is *'Clive'*."

A smirk crossed the fleshy and almost catlike features he was growing to hate; even if his previous decision to replace her had been based upon purely pragmatic and professional reasons.

"Oh, I was unaware of that fact," she told him, as if she were in receipt of knowledge that had been withheld from him. It is not what I was led to believe."

"Rubbish! You know my name as well as anyone."

"Actually, I was referring to the house," she told him.

His eyes narrowed accusingly as he attempted to maintain the higher ground and stay in control of their interaction. Having, he thought managed to do just that after Helen had, to his amazement, overruled his objections to hiring the woman and left him under her supervision. A state of affairs that were still current until around an hour before, when the woman had taken a call on her cell-phone then gone out onto the landing where she could speak privately.

Her return, some two or three minutes later, had seen him become *"Clivey"*.

Followed by the laying out of what she said – in a highly authoritative tone – were his new clothes.

“What do you mean: you were referring to the house?” he asked, more alarmed by her growing sense of confidence in his presence than he wished to let on.

“Was that not your signature I witnessed with that nice solicitor?”

Something like ice gripped at his vitals and he had the uncanny and thoroughly unpleasant feeling that life was once again about to turn bad upon him. A hazy memory of just such a signing coalesced in his head and a feeling of doom added itself to the unpleasantness already besetting him.

As if it weren’t already excruciating.

Had that signing been… *real*?

“My understanding,” continued his former underling as she stood before him in black hose, a skirt to the knee, and a white shirt that struggled to contain breasts belonging to a package that made absolutely no appeal to him, “was that the durable-power-of-attorney we witnessed you sign placed both this house, your company, and the authority to make decisions for you in all matters relating to your finances and your health, in the hands of your mu…”

She had caught herself, leaving him momentarily puzzled about what she had been about to say, though he was far too wrapped up in what she was telling him to dwell on it for long as she corrected herself:

“My understanding was that all such matters are now in the hands of Ms Helen,” she finished; before outlining to his shocked countenance every document giving control over to his wife he had signed.

Somehow, sketchy memory of the even tor not, he sensed that this was no attempt on her part to torment him and that the signing had actually taken place.

It was only with a massive effort of will that was proving harder and harder for him to summon these days that he managed to maintain a smidgen of composure.

“That being the case, and my wife felt the need to act in my best interests in such a way, it still doesn’t give you the right to speak to me as if…”

“Stop talking back and get out of your pyjamas now,” she ordered, speaking over him as if she were born to supervise in such a manner.

“Get out of my…?” he began, realising she intended for him to change in front of her and sensing for the first time that something... *pre-planned*… seemed to be happening here.

“…of your pyjamas,” she finished for him. “How else will we get you into the nice new clothes Ms Prisha has chosen for you?”

"Ms Prisha?" his thoughts raged. Was she serious? Or had she gone entirely fucking insane?

"Hurry now, little Clivey," she urged. "Your Governess does not have all day to waste on you."

"Governess?"

"Have…? Have you gone out of your fucking mind?" he asked as she stood with hands upon hips and waited for his compliance; looking supremely confident that it would follow simply for her having demanded it.

"I told you to do something, Clivey," she warned.

"And I told you no. Are your ears as defective as your fucking brain? Read my lips: I-am-not-wearing-them."

"Is that your final word?" she asked.

"Fuck you," he answered, feeling more weak and vulnerable than he had at any time in his life until now and humiliated to find himself feeling such a way in front of such a… *specimen*.

"Then I will be forced to make you wear them?" Prisha Sodhi answered simply, not one relaxed facial muscle giving away either or joke or her bluff."

"Yeah, right," he scoffed, rising to stand before her in his pyjamas and intent on making it to the en-suite where he could at least apply a bolt and find some privacy from her lunacy.

"What the fuck was Helen thinking when she took her on?" his thoughts raced.

Manner becoming stern then – or at least as stern as a man standing in his pyjamas feeling as weak as a kitten could manage.

"I've warned you more than once about your attitude," he told her, trying to act with more authority than he felt. "In case you've forgotten, I'm still your employer."

His anger and agitation grew more extreme when she simply shook her head; as if he truly were a deluded child and she saw herself as his…

What?

It hit him then; after all, hadn't she just told him?

His *"fucking Governess"*, that's fucking what!

"That is not correct."

His eyes crinkled with puzzlement, forgetting his earlier assertion: was she responding to his thoughts now?

"You were once my employer at the company you once ran. But not any longer. Ms Helen is my employer now and she has placed you under my supervision."

Puzzlement became shock.

"I have been given the task of ensuring that you remain in the house and are given tasks to make you feel as if you are at least a little useful to your wife as she works to create a stable environment for you."

His jaw had all but reached his chest, but he rallied; even though he felt as weak as he had at any time since contracting his malady in Malawi.

"And I suppose it was her idea to have me wear these ridiculous clothes?" he asked, referring to the shorts, socks, and tee-shirt awaiting him on his own marital bed.

"No," she told him, noting the sneer for a small victory she was about to snatch from him. "The credit for that is all mine. I felt we were taking an unnecessary risk by allowing you access to adult shoes and clothing. I thought that you would be less likely to risk yourself outside the house if you were dressed in a less… *manly*… fashion."

"But…"

"Who knows what you might do if you were to go into one of your tantrums or personality changes."

It was not the first time such things had been mentioned to him, but he had no recall of ever having behaved in such a way.

Though he did have a flash of memory when she had informed him that their solicitor had visited and he had signed various documents in her presence. Including a durable power-of-attorney for his wife that placed the running – along with the authority that went with it – of all his affairs in her hands. Everything, the house, cars, stock-portfolio, savings and his company, were now overseen by another.

And it *wasn't* him.

"That is why Ms Helen has given me the authority to deal with you in any way I see fit – during your tantrums or changes, or otherwise – and I have promised her that she will see immediate results."

He immediately picked up the phone from the side of the bed and had even punched in the first few numbers to his office when she grabbed his wrist and twisted it from him before returning it to its cradle.

"Shit!" he exclaimed, incandescent with rage and humiliation. "That fucking hurt! If I wasn't so fucking ill, I'd…"

“But you are ill, little Clivey,” she told him, grabbing him by the lobe of the ear and twisting it before dragging him to the bed where his new clothes rested. “And we have all the day before us to turn you into the best little boy for your mummy and your governess that you can possibly be.”

“She was fucking insane!” Clive Benshaw’s thoughts raged at him. *“Mummy?”*

“Governess!!”

“But perhaps it would be as well to introduce you to the stick, as they say, before introducing you to the new ways you will be expected to adopt that, if you prove pleasing, may eventually earn you a… *carrot*.”

Crouched over, the hand in possession of his earlobe applying downward pressure, he watched as she seated herself on the end of *his* bed - without a by-your-leave - and slid back her above the knee black skirt to reveal a pair of large hosed thighs that did not attract him in the least.

Unable to find the strength to do anything but submit to her, and promising himself she would be history the moment his wife returned from *his* office, he tried to work out what the fuck was going on.

Which was the exact moment she placed him between her legs and, applying more pressure to his ear, lowered him over a waiting thigh while its twin fetched up against the back of his own thighs to keep him trapped in place.

“No!” his thoughts screamed as the only possible explanation for placing him in this position drove itself home to him.

“We have a big day ahead of us, little Clivey,” she told him, maintaining him in position with no more than minimal effort from the fingers tweaking his ear and the pressure of her thigh against the back of his buttocks. “It is probably as well for us to get this out of the way from the outset that you might know what to expect if you are rude or disobedient to either your Governess or your Mummy. Then you will think twice before being a bad boy again.”

He actively hated the bitch now. Everything about her set his teeth on edge: her stocky little figure with its oversized breasts; her fleshy feline features and her irritating sing-song English accent. The whole package had grated even before now.

And yet here he was, powerless to have her removed from his home – at least until his wife heard what had gone on – and lacking the strength to fight a woman who was obviously clinically insane.

Her next words doing nothing to alter his last diagnosis of her cerebral capacity.

“Then, once we have wiped away my little boy’s tears, we will get him moved into his new bedroom and start explaining how he must behave in future for his loving Mummy and his devoted Governess.”

For the first time, so confident did she seem of his wife’s reaction, Clive Benshaw began to think the unthinkable.

Was Helen really in agreement with this?

She had, he conceded to himself finally, been growing more and more aloof with him this past month since the Indian bitch arrived.

Dominant, even.

Could she possibly have…?

He scolded himself for even thinking such things of his wife and looked forward to her getting home and…

As the hand of his *“Governess”* came down upon his arse through the pitifully thin fabric of his pyjamas, all thoughts other than those required to acknowledge the pain that crackled through his debilitated system vanished.

By the time her brown hand made its last downward arc and she manhandled him onto the mattress, the man that had once been Clive Benshaw was a shaking, humiliated and beaten, shell of even the man he had been five minutes before.

As he screwed his eyes shut to try and deprive her of the sight of his tears, unaware that his snivelling was music enough for her, he felt his pyjamas lowered and removed.

He had no fight left in him to even protest when his underpants followed.

Though he did jump when he felt her hands cup his scrotum, watery eyes flashing open with alarm to see a face full of vindictive triumph staring into his as he heard the sound of metal against metal.

“I will just get my little boy all tucked up in his little cockle’s new jewelry,” he heard, “and then I shall help him get dressed so his lessons can begin.”

As he felt her cool fingers manipulate his ball-sac through what he assumed was a metal ring, Clive Benshaw wondered just what those lessons might be.

And just how his wife would react when she came back that evening and he told her…

*****

Helen was in the room that had once been his sanctuary.

His den.

His sanctuary.

The place where he sealed himself of when he wanted to plot the way ahead for his company and, unintentionally in the process, excluding her from having an input into its future and, by definition, theirs.

But not any longer.

These days, after returning from his former office that had gone the same route as his study, it was to the comfortable leather of the swivel-chair at his *former* desk that she repaired with a chilled to the bone Chenin-Blanc to relax, prior to easing herself into a relaxing scented bath in the en-suite that was part of his *former* bedroom.

This evening, she felt tired but elated. Things were running very smoothly at the office and if her husband's presence was being missed the evidence of it appeared lacking in its entirety. A vote of confidence in her own ability to manage that had, in its turn, almost trebled her self-belief.

Added to this, had been her visit to their – rather attractive – GP that morning, and the knowledge that the obviously capable, if somewhat gullible, young woman had bought into everything she had told her regarding the erratic and irrational behaviour of her husband.

And here she was, relaxing with a chilled glass of soothing wine as she waited for Prisha to knock with the surprise she had promised only that afternoon after Helen had called home to see how things were progressing and to give her lesbian lover an update on her meeting with the good Doctor…

"...Do not deviate from your usual routine, my darling," the sing-song tones had advised. "Simply enjoy your wine as usual and wait for me in the study."

"What are you up to?"

"A surprise for you. Did I not make a promise to you?"

"Yes, but…? So soon?"

"I am sorry to tell you this, but all those years you allowed your husband to be the dominant partner in your marriage were wasted. He is weaker more even than I thought. Trust me, my love, your life is your own now and my promise to provide you with the child you would so love to have will soon be fulfilled."

"You mean…?"

"You must wait until later, my dearest. It is supposed to be a surprise and I have already said enough to spoil it for you…"

About to slip a heel from an aching foot that had been in it all day, she recalled some more of Prisha's words...

"...and be sure to keep your shoes on until I present my surprise to you..."

Sighing and smiling at the same time, Helen slid her hosed toes back into the shoe, the perspiration accruing from a foot that had spent a whole day it wafting up to her from its semi-release and ensuring she wasn't too devastated to slip it back on and cut the offending odour off.

For now.

"Come in," she said, when the knock came, swivelling towards the door and placing her still lithe and shapely legs, clad in expensive navy opaques below a shortish black dress that had been well accompanied by a Bolero cut jacket on the same shade, in full view.

The sight that entered through the door took her breath away and, just for a moment, her love of her new life too great to be gainsaid, she felt a great rush of sorrow and guilt that she could react so… *orgasmically*… to the sight of her husband as he entered with the Indian woman who had supplanted him as her lover.

An entrance that supplied a delight more than capable of offsetting her more… *human*… feelings.

Not only was her once virile and manly husband being led into the room by the hand in the company of an Indian woman he had once sacked from his company, but his eyes were lowered to the carpet of the room that had once been his study and his cheeks were, without hyperbole, as red as the Russian flag.

And that was not all.

As Helen Benshaw felt the floodgates of her pussy begin to give way, the realisation of what her husband was wearing turned leak into deluge.

This was the surprise Prisha had mentioned.

And she had not exaggerated when she described it as something she thought Helen would find more… *empowering*… than anything in her life until now.

But how had she achieved so much?

And in only the time it took for Helen to leave for the office and return?

Albeit with a highly productive visit to the family's General Practitioner in between.

It was something she knew Prisha would be only too delighted to explain in detail when they were alone together that night – before, that is, her tongue became busy with other matters of more… *physical*… urgency.

Her next words, though, sent a series of mini-convulsions surging through the overheated wife:

"Little Clivey wanted to see his Mummy before his Ms Prisha, took him to his *new* room for the night," her lover said, emphasizing the *'new'* by way of informing Helen that tonight they would be making love in the Master-Bedroom ceded to her husband.

Until now.

"Come on, Clivey," urged the Indian woman, accented English making her tone seem even more patronising and demeaning than it was – which was considerable. "Welcome Mummy home the way Ms Prisha taught you now."

Helen – *"Mummy"* – could only look on with tongue-tied disbelief, feelings of sexual exhilaration unknown to her before this searing her veins, as the man who had virtually dominated her life since they had met was led towards her by the hand by her female lover as if he were no more than an oversized child. His eyes were still lowered and seemed unable or unwilling to meet her own. Which was probably just as well for him at this point, given the unholy light of warped desire, triumph, and, yes, cruelty, transfusing her own. Of a sudden, *all* her guilt had vanished and even the prospect of what seeing their father in such a way would do to the girls failed to have its usual impact upon her conscience.

What was the alternative to *not* keeping him in such a condition, after all?

An alternative that was unthinkable, that's what.

Allow him to know his manhood again – even in a physically reduced capacity – and the life she had now and found herself loving would be gone. She would again become the aimless, focus-free, empty-nester with nothing more in her life than coffee-mornings and shopping to fill the time between her oh, so important husband leaving for *his* company and returning from it. A member of his support-team, in fact, with bedroom privileges.

Bedroom privileges she had no intention of revisiting now she had discovered what Prisha's loving tongue could do for her and the prospect they had discussed between of Helen – *discreetly*, and with certain select partners, all of them strangers – trying on some new cock. A proposition Prisha had assured her would not lead to jealousy on her part so long as she was not deprived of the thrill of continuing to dominate Helen's husband and her former employer. All the above conspiring to dilute even further the small pangs of conscience Helen Benshaw felt in regard of her husband from time to receding time.

He was standing before her now, head still lowered, and she could see his once hairy legs in their shorts had been depilated.

Her questioning eyes met Prisha's and she received a nod as the woman read her thoughts; the excitement she saw in the Indian thirty-something matching her own.

She knew then that not only were her husband's legs devoid of unsightly and *way too manly* hair but that the rest of his body was equally smooth and… *boyish*.

She shook her head with wonder.

How had Prisha managed all this in less than a day?

It was a question that did not exercise her for long and lasted for only the amount of time it took for Prisha to speak again:

"Shall we show Mummy her little boy's new jewelry?" the sing-song accent asked.

Her husband seemed to be vibrating at this point, Helen noticed – so strong were the mixture of emotions besieging his thoughts and his senses. The shame simply radiated from him. Along with fear.

And something else she told herself was as understandable as it was indicative of the fact that, though Prisha had brought him a long way in ridiculously short space of time, he was a long way from being entirely broken and, perhaps, would never be – a prospect Helen wasn't sure she wanted.

What pleasure was there in dominating a spineless automaton?

Breaking his spirit *entirely* would take *all* the joy from her – *their* – ownership of him.

What she sensed in him, however, as he swayed before in his physically and mentally weakened state, was… *hate*.

It would, she assured herself, be something he needed to hang on to if he wished to experience any manly emotions at all.

Suddenly, he spoke, voice hardly recognisable, so low and pitiful was it:

"P-Please," she heard him beg in a part croak part whisper, his hairless legs shaking so much his wife marvelled at how he could remain standing.

Even if she sensed Prisha had no intention of allowing him to remain that way for much longer.

"Be a good boy now, little Clivey, and do as Ms Prisha tells you. Mummy wants to see your new jewelry."

Her voice took on a more sinister and threatening edge Helen was hearing for the first time:

"Unless…?" she began, placing an authoritative hand upon the back of his head, "you would prefer Ms Prisha to do it for you.?"

Not knowing what to expect, nor what exactly this *"jewelry"* Prisha spoke of was comprised, Helen nonetheless felt her already sodden panties saturated a second time as, after and anguished pause during which she could have sworn she saw a tear fall from her husband's eyes to the carpet, *"Clivey's"* shaking hands went to the waistband of his shorts.

And began to lower them over smooth thighs that still seemed powerful and manly, despite their depilation and the fact the muscles beneath them were virtually useless to him in any real masculine sense.

The utterly hairless ball-sac and the area above it took her breath away.

But it was the ring surrounding it that ensured she took in enough oxygen to gasp.

That and the cage above it that secured the cock inside it to chastity with the help of a tiny but impregnable looking padlock.

"Oh, my!" she said aloud.

"Doesn't your little boy look simply lovely?" she heard Prisha ask and felt herself nodding even if she was unaware of having given her head a command to do so.

"And little Clivey has something else for his Mummy," Prisha added.

Then, receiving no reply:

"Doesn't he?"

Helen watched in a delirium of perverse joy as the injection of tone into that Indian voice brought her husband up short as if he were a dog on the wrong end of a Master's rebuke.

"No!" Prisha barked as his free-hand came forward with something clutched inside it, his eyes still fixed rigidly upon a spot between the hosed and still heeled feet of the wife he no longer knew or understood. "You must give Mummy your gift in the way I showed you."

He hesitated again and the eyes of the women met in an unholy alliance of evil desire, both committed to the same path and willing to do everything in their power to ensure their *"little boy"* remained upon it also.

Then, suddenly, as if what muscle remained to him had lost the wherewithal to keep him upright, the man who had been Clive Benshaw when she had left for the office that morning was lowering himself to his knees between her spread legs as if he were a supplicant.

"That's a good boy, Clivey," praised his Indian… *teacher*. "Now you may give your Mummy her gift."

Still without looking up, he held out what looked to be a key upon a slim silver chain.

“Is this what I think it is, little Clivey?” asked a euphoric Helen, voice returned to her as she entered into the spirit of her… *surprise*.

There was no answer.

“Your Mummy asked you a question, Clivey,” warned Prisha.

Another warning, remarkably, was not required.

“Y-Yes, M-Mummy,” he answered in a strangled and anguished voice.

“Ah, that’s so sweet of my little boy,” she told his lowered head as she accepted the key to his manhood, adoring being able to speak to him in such a way and experiencing a rush of fondness towards him she recognised instantly as being… *maternal*. “This way that little winkle of yours can never get you into trouble with Mummy and Ms Prisha.”

She stared into the excited eyes of her lover.

“Isn’t that right, Prisha?”

“Of course it is right, Ms Helen. Little boys like our Clivey are much better behaved when they are supervised in such a way. And you must not worry about hygiene as I have a spare key and will ensure he is kept washed and clean shaven from head-to-toe.”

“Oh, thank you, Prisha. It’s such a relief to know you are here to supervise him when I’m away. And I’m sure little Clivey will want to thank you by letting you show him how to all the household chores we need doing – well, those he is physically capable of anyway.”

Instinctively, Helen reached out a hand to ruffle her husband’s hair and was rewarded by a muffled – and entirely *unmanly* – sob.

The surge of exhilaration that swept through her at the exercise of such power was almost enough to send her rushing upstairs for relief – whether it be her own fingers or Prisha’s tongue making no difference.

“One last thing before you finish your wine and take your bath,” said Prisha, reading her lover’s desires.

Helen looked at her enquiringly, her lover’s *“surprise”* having already surpassed *all* her expectations.

“Ask your mummy now, Clivey,” she ordered. “And be a good boy and look her in the eyes as you do so.”

Resting her hand upon his neck, she smiled at Helen.

“Show Mummy how much you love and respect her.”

As both women waited for his response, he literally quivered below them.

Then, just as Helen thought her lover would need to get stern with him once again:

“P-Please, Mummy,” he began, eyes mixed with shame and hatred rising to meet her own, “can I rub your tired feet for you?”

FOUR

The Present – Again!

"Oh, mummy!" cried an obviously distressed Kate, the youngest of her daughters, as Gemma, her older sister by a year sat on the living-room sofa looking no less distressed.

It was the first time they had visited together since the early days of their father's tropical illness and the changes in him had been a shock – despite having been forewarned.

"I know, my love, I know," said her mother, taking the young woman in her arms consolingly, too far gone by now in her new and controlling persona to allow the guilt she felt for being the one responsible for her daughter's distress to have any lasting impact going forward. "I did try to warn you and your sister not to come, but I know how much you love daddy and need to see him."

Gemma stepped forward to make it a group huddle and they stayed that way until there was a knock at the door and Prisha entered with the customary tea and plates full of biscuits – distraught the girls might have been, but they remained students and, like the generality of them, were always ready to eat something.

"I shall leave the tray on the table and leave you to yourselves," she informed them in a voice dripping with sing-song empathy and compassion; before exiting with a small smile.

"She seems nice, mum," said Kate as they seated themselves while Helen poured the tea.

The faithless wife gave the long-suffering but stoic smile she had perfected for just this situation and agreed; her heart singing as she realised that whatever her husband may have tried to put in their heads upstairs had been negated by the same kind of pre-emptive action she had used to bring their female GP on board:

"I would be totally lost without her, Kate. It's been hard enough keeping the company running on my own, but if I had to go the office worried about your dad all day it would just be…"

She allowed her shoulders to slump and the sentence to go unfinished, before she deemed it time to recover herself and be a soldier again.

"For what it's worth, mum," began Gemma, "we both think you've coped brilliantly."

At her side, Kate nodded her own agreement.

“Yes, thank you for that, girls. I just suppose I’d feel a lot better if I knew your father felt that.”

“He’s not well, mum,” Gemma went on. “We hadn’t been with him a few seconds when he started making all kinds of ridiculous allegations.”

Helen nodded, having prepared with Prisha ahead of time what her responses would be – grateful, just the same, that they had removed Clive’s cock-cage before the arrival of her daughters.

That would have taken quite a bit of explaining had he gone beyond his feelings of humiliation and *exposed* himself in such a revealing way – though, even on that score, *“Mummy”* and *“Governess”* had an explanation prepared.

One she needed sooner rather than later.

“He tried to tell us that it wasn’t his idea to be treated like a child. Said that… that…” said a strangely reticent and normally forthcoming Kate as, for once, she looked to her big sister to take up the slack.

“He told us that you were keeping his…You know?... His… His penis, in a cage of some sort,” Gemma finished for her.

Helen allowed a hand to cover her eyes and the bait was immediately taken.

“It’s alright, mum,” Gemma hastened to reassure her as Kate rushed to her side to place an arm around her shoulders. “It’s just his illness talking, we know that. He… He also told us that Prisha… That Prisha punishes him if he doesn’t do as she says when you’re not here… Says, she takes him over knee and…”

She couldn’t finish and now it was the wife’s turn to console her daughter.

“Gemma, my love,” she lied beautifully. “Can you imagine any way I would allow your father to be treated in such a fashion?”

“No, of course not, mummy. We both know it’s in his head.”

“Well. Not all of it, girls,” she told them with regret.

The puzzled silence that followed was broken by Kate:

“How…? How do you mean, mum?”

“Oh, girls,” said Helen with a heavy sigh. “You’ve just spent time with your father and I’ve told you everything our GP and the specialists looking into his illness have told you. Yes, he is delusional and, even on the growingly rare occasions when he resembles something of the man we all know and love, everything is exaggerated in his mind. But by far the most common delusion – and one that’s becoming stronger and more

enduring the longer his condition lasts – is his desire to live and be treated as a small child."

The girl's exchanged looks.

"He…" began Gemma. "He says that you and Prisha force him to act that way."

Helen allowed a hurt look to cloud her features.

"It's alright, mum," Kate rushed in. "We know it's not true. But… Well, you just said yourself that… You know?... That not all of it is in his head."

Helen smiled forgivingly, a saint conferring absolution on a judgemental world.

"That's right, girls, I did. But I didn't mean what you seem to think I meant."

She saw they were waiting for her explanation.

"The punishment he said Prisha…"

She broke off and gave them a look full of love and sympathy.

"Are you sure you want to hear this girls? It's bad enough that you have to see your father the way he is without… Without hearing the full details."

"We're not children, mum," Kate told her. "Stop protecting us."

Helen dropped her shoulders in a gesture of defeat and conceded to their wishes.

"When daddy says Prisha punishes him, he is not lying."

"What??" they both exploded together.

"Calm down now," she warned them in a stricter tone. "Don't jump to conclusions. It's not at all what you think or what your father led you to believe."

"But…?" began an outraged Kate who had always been her daddy's little girl.

"Be quiet and listen, Kate," she warned her youngest. "You asked me to explain and I will, but I can't do it you constantly keep interrupting."

Kate bit her lip and subsided into silence.

"When I say Prisha punishes him," she went on, "I mean that she denies him certain privileges he enjoys if his behaviour becomes too rude or disrespectful."

"For god's sake mummy," burst out Gemma this time, horrified at the prospect of her father being disciplined in such a way by a woman who was, ostensibly, in his employ. "He's a grown man! How could…?"

“He is also,” Helen overrode her in a no-nonsense voice, “a grown man who becomes hysterical if he isn’t allowed to act as if he’s a five-year-old.”

“But…?”

“No, Gemma! There are no *‘buts’*. Poor Prisha not only has to deal with the upkeep of the house while I’m at the office but has to deal with him and his tantrums all day. The only option she has, given he believes himself a five-year-old, is to treat him just the way a firm teacher deals with a pupil of that age.”

She waited.

“And I don’t suppose he told you that he frequently exposes himself to her?”

The two young faces staring at her were horrified.

And about to be repulsed.

“Or that he… rubs himself… against her at every opportunity if left to his own devices?”

The two girls looked thoroughly devastated to hear of such behaviour on the part of the father they both adored.

“And that,” continued Helen, elated to be winning them over, “is what I meant when I said he is not lying about Prisha punishing him. Though it is more in the way of sending him to his room early or cutting his television time, rather than…”

She allowed a look of distaste to sour her features.

“…rather than her taking him over his knee, as he told you.”

The girls looked relieved and she pressed on to the most difficult part, knowing that once this particular hurdle had been navigated the situation would become far more… *manageable*.

“Were Prisha not from such a strict religious background,” she lied, “then perhaps your father’s delusional and juvenile lewdness towards her could have been handled differently.”

The girl’s relief had turned once again to puzzlement.

“By that, I mean Prisha felt she had no alternative but to leave and find another position.”

She paused:

“She was truly sorry but adamant about it. Had even spoken to a spiritual advisor at her Temple on the subject and been told that. if nothing could be done to prevent your

father's behaviour towards her, she had no option, as a devout girl of the faith, but to take herself from the situation."

The girls were listening now with no hint of an interjection forthcoming.

"I was frantic," she told them. "The only thing standing between me having to have your father committed was the daily and constant support of Prisha. There was no way I could balance running the company and looking after your father 24/7. The chances of finding another Prisha are just about minimal – and believe me I had enough bad experiences before I found her to know just how minimal they were. Even if I were to have taken it all on it would have meant recruiting a CEO to run the company, and they don't come cheap."

She held her arms wide as if confessing:

"And, if I'm honest, it was only being able to get away from the situation for part of the day and have Prisha take up the slack that was keeping me sane."

To her relief, Helen saw both her daughter's nod their understanding.

"So," began Gemma, "Prisha's still here, obviously, so how did you persuade her to…?"

Her eyes grew wide as the mist cleared.

"What?" asked Kate, not yet up-to-speed with the implications of the Indian woman's continuing presence.

"Daddy wasn't lying, was he?" Gemma asked as Helen responded with a feigned and regretful shake of the head. "You…? You really did put his… *thingy*… in a… in a…"

"Cage," Helen finished for her, praying they would come around to her reasoning for such a draconian solution.

"Mother!" cried Kate with outrage.

She kept her expression calm and resolute:

"Do you think it was a solution that pleased me?" she asked, continuing on before they had time to answer. "What was I to do? I could deal with seeing your father the way he is with Prisha here to supervise him during the day while I ran the company. But full-time? It killed me in the beginning and would have seen me off I'd had to endure it permanently. It was only the office keeping me sane. Mentally and financially, it was my only option."

"To put daddy's…? To put daddy in a…? In a cage?" Gemma finally blurted out.

"Would you rather he be committed?"

The prospect diluted the girl's outrage instantly.

“Because the thought of doing that to him – banishing him from the home his own work had made for us all – was almost physically painful to me. I just *couldn’t* countenance it.”

She let out a deep breath.

“And that was when I turned to the Internet for answers,” she told them, again allowing her shoulders to droop dispiritedly.

“You…? You found the answer on the Internet?”

Helen nodded.

“Apparently, chastisement of such a kind was used by Victorian Governess’s upon their more advanced and oversexed charges.”

The girls simply stared at her, both struggling to come to terms they were having such a conversation with their mother.

A conversation about their own father!

“Which is when I clicked on an accompanying link that took me to a page specialising in chastity devices for men…”

FIVE

Right Now

"…I want you to kiss my feet first, Freddy," a naked Helen told him as she perched on the edge of the bed that had once been hers and her husband's alone.

She watched, thrilling to the sensation of being able to command a younger man with such ease, as he placed himself on one knee without hesitation and took a shapely foot into his hand before immediately raising it to his lips.

The kiss he placed upon the shiny red nails of her toes as she looked on could only be described as… *reverential*.

He was the fourth man she had brought back to their home in the same number of weeks and with every coupling her confidence in herself and her ability – even in her forties - to both attract and master men in such a way grew. As Prisha had insisted, they really were the inferior sex and any lingering doubt or guilt in treating them with such contempt had vanished entirely.

Even if, with her husband at least, there remained a love that, if it wasn't of the romantic or respectful variety, had at least become… *maternal*.

After he had repeated the procedure with her other the wife of over twenty-years rose from the bed to tower above him.

Which was when, just before she turned to present him with her arse, a look of disdain crossed her face for the thirty-something whose own expression was one of pure reverence for the middle-aged but still voluptuous body towering above him.

Presented with the rear view of her long dark hair as it cascaded past creamy shoulders to stop just short of buttocks that had lost none of their firmness with passing of the years, the man did not hesitate or need telling twice to begin showing his appreciation.

Lovingly and respectfully at first, then feverishly as his passion for the faithless wife grew.

To Helen's delight, and just as she had told him, he did not touch her with his hands but kept them clasped behind his back to add to a posture that could only be described as…

…Supplicating.

"You love worshipping me, don't you Freddy?"

“Hmmm,” was all he could manage by way of a reply; so determined was he to please her; not to mention finding it difficult to speak with his tongue lavishing affections upon her perineum.

She giggled.

He parted her nether-cheeks and began licking her anus and what would once have filled her with revulsion, for both the act and the one low enough to commit it, made her shiver with lust.

Not that it was something her straight-laced husband would ever have considered trying – even if the kind of wife she had been at the time would have allowed him to have at it; though she promised herself it was something they would be doing together *very* soon.

Especially as Prisha had him so cowed and dominated he was amenable to just about anything if it meant gaining her favour and pleasing his *“Mummy”* at one and the same time.

How else would his cock earn the right for some *outside it’s cage time*, after all?

Just reiterating her husband’s situation in her thoughts seemed to make the attention of the tongue probing her shit passage seem even more… *vital*… and she again marvelled at how completely she now ruled her own world. Even the girl’s she so doted upon – despite misleading them on the subject of her father – were now on-board and understanding of her reasoning when it came to him. So cleverly and completely had she and Prisha pre-empt and misled both the girls, the specialists, and the family GP, that nothing Clive accused them of doing to him carried any weight.

By nature of her determination, his condition, and the help of Prisha, he was as much her captive as any human-being could be in these days of social justice and individual freedoms – at least in those Western countries where economics and public expectation allowed them.

With the enjoyment she took from running the company and the lack of jealousy on the part of Clive’s *“Governess”* - and her lesbian lover - that allowed her to take and enjoy human sex-aids such as the man currently worshipping her arse with his tongue, interludes of the kind she was in the process of experiencing were simply icing on the cake of her fulfilment.

“You really are a wimp when it comes down to it, aren't you, Freddy?” she asked, echoing her thoughts on the husband she had allowed to keep her barefoot and in the kitchen for so long – long past any feeling of shame for such unjust thoughts on behalf of the father of her children.

“Only when it comes to you, Ellie,” he breathed, sounding sincere. “And even then, nothing like that pussy of a husband you insist on staying married to.”

He yelped as she bumped her arse back sharply so that his tongue jammed against his upper teeth.

“What have I told you about that?” she snapped. The name’s Helen; *not* Ellie.”

Swivelling around, she faced him and took his chin between her fingers that she might let him see the intent in her eyes:

“And if I hear you say one more word about my Clive, you’re history.”

“But, you said…”

“What I say when I’ve had a few drinks is my business and nothing for you to comment on. Just know that before his illness my Clive was five times the man you’ll ever be and I won’t have you badmouth him. Got it?”

He nodded.

“Good. I know we don’t move in the same circles, but if the slightest whisper gets back to me somehow that you’ve been speaking out of turn I’ll be *very* unhappy.”

She could see he was angry, but, with her pussy and its scent all but waving itself in his nostrils, his need for her was far greater.

He nodded again, eager to get back to his delightful if demeaning task.

“So, I take it you want to keep on seeing me then?” turning without waiting for an answer she knew was inevitable.

“Hmmm,” he grunted again, lips returning to the alabaster buttocks she had made available to him once more.

“I’ll take that snort as a yes, Freddy,” she said before her voice took on a distinctly frostier tone.

“Make no mistake though, if I hear his name on your lips again without my permission, I’ll be very angry. I hear you’ve been badmouthing my Clive behind my back, or bragging about *‘doing’* his wife, you won’t like what I’ll do… And neither will your own wife.”

The well-toned body kneeling before her buttocks froze.

“My…? My wife? What…? What do you mean?”

“Did you think I didn’t know you had one?”

She laughed.

“You might want to consider using some fake tan on your ring finger. You know, when you take off the evidence to go looking for some strange?”

He finally lost his rag enough to come back at her:

“As I recall, I wasn’t the only one on the prowl. And if the guy you’ve got’s so fucking wonderful, why were you on the lookout for fresh meat anyway?”

Not receiving a reply instantly, and suddenly on a roll, he went on:

“Go on, answer me that. If you’re so protective of his reputation, what am I doing here?”

The look she threw him over her shoulder was more amused than at a loss, as she replied:

“That’s simple. Because I overheard a girl in the bar say you have a big cock and know how to use it,” she told him; leaving the arse-licker unsure if he should hold onto his anger or take pride in the fact his prowess as a swordsman was getting him spoken about in female social circles.

He heard her chuckle to herself.

“We’re not talking rocket-science here, Freddy. Your cock can give me orgasms. My Clive’s, through no fault of his own, can’t any longer.”

She neglected to mention the key resting on a silver-chain in her jewelry-box that ensured he couldn’t even achieve an erection without her say-so or that of an Indian woman he heated.

“If it could,” she lied, “I’d have no need for you.”

“Nice to know I’m appreciated,” was his sarcastic response.

She turned around to face him again and he was now looking up from his knees at her full breasts and the recently shaved pussy that looked as if it belonged on a woman half her years and not one that had delivered two kicking and screaming girls into the world.

Feeling… *queenly*… Helen Benshaw placed her hands above her hips and gazed down at him in a pose that could only be described as…

…Imperious.

A sight that sent the man’s already pulsing cock into blast-off mode that was not lessened any when she reached out a hand to stroked his thick blond hair as if he were no more than a pet she was placating. Asking himself how she had suddenly become so controlling from the short time between their first hook-up and this.

He had no time to consider the development before she pulled away from him and lowered herself to her back upon the bed, legs splayed obscenely directly in front of him.

The sight of her shaved and open pussy making any questions regarding her new attitude utterly academic.

“I’m going to let you eat me now,” she told him, eyes holding his. “And afterwards, if you’ve licked me good, I’m going to ride that cock of yours until your balls scream for mercy.”

The words had barely left her lips when lover boy’s head darted forward to start the process of redeeming her promise to him.

Until a hand planted on his forehead brought him up short:

“Remember though: I hear any badmouthing of my Clive from your lips and you’re gone.”

He nodded, but she wasn’t finished yet:

“And remember this too: I’ve told Clive I intend seeing other men.”

She let the implications of this sink in for a few moments, then:

“You, on the other hand, have told your wife nothing and she knows nothing… Yet.”

She allowed silence to underpin the threat for her.

Until:

“Now, if that’s not to your liking, you can put your clothes on and get out with your marriage intact. It’s your choice. But if you stay I make the rules and you obey them. It’s as simple as that.”

She allowed another few seconds to pass as she saw reason battle lust in a face whose eyes had not left her denuded pussy.

“Well? What’s it to be?”

It was no more than a second or two later before lust won out and he supplied his answer by sucking her clit into his mouth and vacuuming it before using his tongue to sweep the length of her labia a few times before repeating the vacuuming procedure.

As her back arced and her eyes sought out the ceiling, her sighs of pure bliss turning visceral as she straddled his scalp with her still shapely and powerful thighs and used her hands to pull his head deeper into her faithless cunt; the two of them joined in unequal union until she decided his tongue had tickled her appetite enough and took a handful of his hair to ease his hungry mouth from her pussy that she reach down to start stroking his balls before feathering the pulsating shaft attached to them that did not contradict its reputation.

An erection, it cost me even greater pains to admit, that looked like a baby’s in comparison to the one about to enter my wife.

Satisfied he was ready for her, Helen ordered him up onto the bed and this time he complied by placing *his* back upon the mattress.

No sooner had he done so than she was on him, legs straddling his naked torso as she dropped herself down onto the waiting ramrod and allowed the air in her lungs to expel itself with a great welcome-home sigh.

Only to have her moment spoiled.

“No!” she snapped down at him as he began to thrust upwards.

He stopped.

She might just as well have said: “Bad doggy!”

“Lie still,” she ordered. “This is about me, *not* you. You’ll have your pleasure but it won’t be until had my own and you have my permission.”

The expression on the man’s face seemed to be asking its owner why he was taking her shit, but the iron-hard response of his manhood to her control of him made an answer superfluous.

Then, as if such thoughts weren’t already useless to him, she was slamming down onto his cock and all he could thing about was not disappointing her as he struggled to comply with her demands and not rise up to meet her, his face a mask of need, pleasure, and concentration, as he tried to delay the inevitable.

“Diddle my clit,” she demanded and, instantly, his hand went between her thrusting hips and his more… *subdued*… counterparts to do the necessary; his other hand coming up to cup a breast and tease an engorged nipple as she bucked upon him.

“Yes… Yes… Yes…!”

Then, in complete contradiction of her own warnings to the man she was fucking:

“Let me take that cock to places my wimp husband’s has never known and never will!”

Then, thrusting down upon him to take his length to the hilt, she managed another two or free rise and falls before a scream left her lips that startled even the swordsman beneath her…

“Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeee…”

SIX

Right Now – Again!

"...eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!"

As a sob left the lips of the man once known as Clive Benshaw, the Indian woman who had been cradling his head upon her naked thigh as they listened to the woman who had been his wife take her pleasure with another man reached out to switch off the baby-monitor that had allowed them to see and hear it take place.

The Motorola MBP26 BabySense had proved well worth its asking price and had given the two women even more control over the adult-juvenile it was their intention to create.

Especially for his Indian *"Governess"*.

It also induced an added feeling of powerless in the controlled man to know that he wasn't simply supervised during the day but was monitored at night as well as during his daily *"naps"*.

Incorporating the use of two highly sensitive breathing and movement sensor pads that were paced beneath the sheets of his single-bed, his every breath and movement was detected and relayed to the monitor itself that was currently resting on his Rupert-Bear bedside cabinet.

It had been, Prisha and Helen both considered, a snip at the price of under £184.00.

If anything, it had more uses than they required, given it was designed to monitor both breathing and movement and both the camera and the monitor had built-in microphones enabling a two-way talk feature.

A feature she had sensibly turned off before allowing *"Little Clivey"* to witness his wife being taken by another man.

Both she and Helen had been convinced that the sound of a grown man sobbing next to his ear as he set about satisfying her would not have had a beneficial effect upon the performance of her chosen lover.

Though both were wise enough to confess themselves unsure.

For, as Helen had informed her:

"There are some real perverts out there."

An observation that had cracked them up with laughter.

“It is all right to cry, little Clivey,” she told him, feeling the wetness of his cheeks against her thigh and thrilling to the level of domination she wielded over him. More, even, than that of his own *“Mummy”*, who, after all, did not spend the same time with him on a daily basis and was, therefore, unable to exert the same influence.

“There is no shame. It is not my little boy’s fault he can no longer satisfy a woman the way a real man should. But it is important for you to know that your Mummy is not being deprived of what she needs because you can no longer provide it. That is why I switched the video monitor from your room to hers.”

She ruffled his hair.

“After all, we have to make sure Mummy is safe, don’t we?”

The sound that came up to her was something between a whimper and a groan of pleasure for the contact of her hand upon his head. In fact, more and more, as their relentless emasculation of him continued, she could feel his will eroding. Replaced by a bowing to their will that was neither acceptance or resignation but a simple concession to the cold hard reality of his situation – no matter how incredible it would have once seemed to him.

He was neither an adult nor a child now but an adult with a child’s physical capacity with no power to influence his fate from henceforth.

Quite simply, he was theirs.

Or, as Prisha Sodhi, his one-time employee, now viewed him… *hers*.

For though her female lover, and his wife still, loved the fact that he was there to greet her with a foot-massage or soothe her pussy with a tongue that had been loath to perform the task when they had been equals, she more and more left the responsibility for his supervision and discipline to her trusted Indian co-conspirator.

A happy forswearing of responsibility Prisha did not hold against her lesbian lover in the slightest.

How could she?

What kind of a hypocrite would it make her?

To hold that lover in resentment for presenting her husband to her on a plate and supplying her with the means to satisfy a dream she had held since childhood.

A position of control over an attractive Englishman who was not only her physical – at least when it came to looks these days - and intellectual superior, but a man who had thought so little of her that he had cast her out of his company.

And look at him now!

Not for the first time, she wondered with what envy her fellow classmates and the boys who had tormented her back in the Uttar Pradesh would react if they could witness the position of security and power she now held.

Swivelling upon her seat to face him, she slid her skirt back over the sturdy brown thighs his head had been resting upon and presented him with a pussy that almost seemed porous, so great was the evidence of her arousal.

As he stared at her monstrous womanhood with that same look which wavered between resignation and acceptance, she gently took a hold of his hair and fetched both his lips and his nose closer to both cunt and scent.

"But, just because your '*Mummy'* has no further use for you in such a way, it does not mean you cannot make yourself useful for your Indian Governess."

His eyes grew large as she produced a chain and a key from her pocket.

A chain and a key whose purpose he knew only too well.

And the release it could bring him.

Having dreamed of the pleasure that purpose could provide, if allowed, for well over a month now.

"And of course, if my little Clivey pleases his lovely Indian Governess, then she might just be of a mind to do the same for him."

No further words were required as beaten and growingly infantile eyes were raised to hers.

Until…

With a fondness she was more and more finding it hard to differentiate from love, she watched his eyes close and his head ducked forward, that his tongue may worship the cunt of the Indian Governess who, more and more, was supplanting the position of his former wife in his life…

THE END